

Getting rid **of the Shame and the Shit #2**

*Self-Explorations on Inherited Oppressions and Ways of
Resistance*

... "Love is not a Job Interview"

... "The Pressure I Feel is the Oppression I Resist"

... "Health" and Ableism

... Feminist Love Letters for Anarchist Relationships <3

... To Most of the Men* I Slept With

... To Most of the Men* I Slept With (Second Thoughts)

... To Those Who Will Live

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shame and the shit (zine texte)

feel free to read, copy & think about

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Orientation Towards Male* Attention// Interdependences Between
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End

some space left ...
so what about you?

[reminder 1]

I know

*I know it is me
who talks about
how male* attention
is overrated
(and it's also me
not getting over it
always)*

*but
if you find
an ally you trust
getting hold of him*
might be worth
some effort*

to the men in my life:
having a place in my life
demands from you
to be an ally
I can trust*

*if you happen
to (still) have that place
it doesn't release you from that
but it means
you're doing something right*

*-
and you'd better make sure
to know what it is
you're doing right*

[260314]

„Love is not a Job Interview“

Thoughts on (not) Getting Involved With Someone

When I was about 14 or 15 I said: „*When I get a boyfriend and tell my best friend about him, I do not want her to say: Oh! I've got the same edition!*“. I don't know if I said that to my friend or to myself, but I remember the sentence very well.

I've been in love with quite different guys and the only things they had in common probably were:

- that they got my sense of humour and made me laugh,
- that I admired some of their interests, was fascinated by their behaviour,
- and most of all: that I didn't count them to be normal.

Freaks, artists, punks, philosophers, nerds, geeks, ... tell me you find someone to be weird and you'll get me interested. Nowadays I'd say I early did tend to like:

- guys who break with masculinity in some respects,
- who were not interested in the usual understanding of success,
- but who were into something.

That might be the combination to get me interested ... though it changed through the years, of course, and through my involvement with feminism especially.

As different as the people I've been in love with were the ways of being in love I've experienced – or similar feelings that can't be clearly distinguished from that. In my teens I've often admired a guy in a way that made him 'untouchable' and impossible to approach in other than friendship-alike ways.

(Though I never only passively admired what they did/knew/were like – I most always worked to get my own skills in that area, shape my own opinion about the topic and learn from the behaviour I

*on the contrary –
lighthearted I want to honour
how serious we are
all the time*

I just wanna say:

*I love
you being who you are
to me right now*

*I love
you being part of my life
just in that very spot*

*I love
what we
share*

[0314]

valued. Unfortunately, most of them didn't like to 'get competition' in their expertise and were rather annoyed than flattered if girls wanted to cooperate with them on the same level...)

But there have been friendships that made it possible to 'work'/'cooperate'/'get involved' on an equal level, based on trust and support; for some of these intimate friends (male or female) I've experienced feelings not that different from being in love. Thus being: desire to spend time with the other person; wanting to be seen/acknowledged by the other person; needing the other person to like you; longing for getting to know the other person, enlarging the shared ground/experiences; missing them; ...

I've had few 'best' friendships that were more intimate, respectful, long-lasting and honest than the one couple-relationship I had.

Actually, most of them were, looking at it this way ...

Most of the important experiences I actually made in teenage and adolescence weren't in the 'typical way' connected with being in love: the most intimate emotional bondings, the first kisses and makouts, the crises and reunions, ... almost all of this happened within a network of trust, with friends.

I've never been in love with someone who I couldn't imagine being my friend (and far too often with someone who was my friend at that time ...).

The ways of falling/being in love with someone differed through the years ... I've been in love with close friends, just longing to be someone special to them ... I've been in love with someone I had enormously much fun with and connected fantastically, but with whom there never could have been a physical-'click' ... there have been people I wanted desperately to get in touch with, mostly in the meaning of body contact ... I've been overwhelmed over and over again by affectionate heart-to-heart-talks and deep hugs ... I had my heart raising by the sight of people I barely knew and wouldn't know what to talk about ...

I can't always tell if I'm in love or not. But there's no need to. What for?

Love is not a job interview.

On the other hand, I've been infiltrated far too much by American pop-culture which is just the opposite to my own ideas and realities: If I like someone, I'm not going to make them go on a 'date' with me. I like to get to know them in a context – with friends, on occasions we are interested in, something like that. Of course we can meet privately afterwards, but I'd like to get to know them somewhat before I apply for 'reserving' them for a whole evening with me alone ... and I don't have a fixed protocol: there are no 'bases' in a certain order to check and not the goal of buying them in the end. (Really, are there actually people *dating* like that out there?!)
I'm not gonna apply for something I have no clue about and I'm not gonna sign any papers and I don't know beforehand how I want things to be. We can talk about our CVs, but I'll not bring any references.

The furthest I did dare to go/think once, was to ask someone if we were more than friends by that time – it was as specific as I could imagine.

I can't tell. We'll have to work it out together.

Love is not a job interview.

[200214]

[reminder 2]

*Sometimes I struggle
with the words
I want to use
to express
what I feel for you*

*I want to say
I love you
but
I don't want you
to get that
wrong:*

*not in the sense of
,let's take things forward';
we are already
ahead of things
like ignorance
and jealousy*

*I'm not saying
,lay down with me';
we are upright with each other
and face the situation
as it is*

*It doesn't mean
,now it's getting serious';*

We* see our* lives
as parts of the struggles for the better lives for all
connected to past and future
through the impacts of our* lives:
the imprints in the present,
the stories of the past,
the change of the status quo for the future.

...
When I die
take your time to mourn
but don't get stuck
thinking: 'she died'
because it means:
I have lived
and you are aware
of me
having lived
so
my life is part of (a) history

I am aware of that
and I am trying to leave traces
(as my contribution to the bigger picture)

so watch out for them
If you look closely
I am sure you can find them
- and yourself in their history

[15092014]

„The Pressure I Feel is the Oppression I Resist“
Thoughts on Liberation and Orientation
Towards Male* Attention

8th of March, in my regular pub. I am ecstatically playing table soccer (which I rarely do) with a bunch of women* (who are rarely seen here). We just arrived from the

Women*Lesbian*Trans*demonstration for Women*sFightDay.

We've been on the streets for more than one hour, raising our voices, claiming public space and attention. Some posters 'advertised' the day with the slogan *'Be careful with each other, so we can be dangerous together'* and that was most definitely the demonstration's spirit. Most of us came here afterwards, exhilarated by this powerful act. I was delighted, I felt great, like nothing could ever stop me from standing up and achieve what I aim for, as long as I know these people by my side.

Few by few guys dropped into this kind of liberated female*lesbian*trans*universe, first being only slightly noticed by myself, since I was involved in way more interesting discussions on my flt* table at the time. Yet hour by hour the endorphins of resistance went down and I found myself getting dragged back into the regular habits, hanging out with the same people I usually do, thus the (not) shared experience of the evening stepping back in mind.

Having the (now vanishing) contrary experience of flt* solidarity and cooperation so very present, I could witness the urge for male* attention flowing back into me. A few hours after my furious, proud march through the streets I realised: The patriarchy I'm fighting is in my head.

It struck me like a hit in the stomach and it did hurt as much. How much would I have given in that very moment for getting rid of my hetero-orientation in the broadest meaning, my orientation towards male* attention.

Carriers of patriarchy we are, as long as we value male* attention more than flt*, and we must fight it not only on the streets but in ourselves as well.

I got quite confused and depressed the next day. *'I'm not made for this world'* I thought, *'for a world that aims to break my heart and personality, either to make me value male* attention over flt* and (hetero-) sexual relationships over nonsexuals – or die trying'*.

Why is a date with a (female*) person I've been close with (in a nonsexual way) for years less valuable than a date with a (male*) person I don't really know but might might might get sexual with?! People keep telling me that, friends keep telling me that, without even noticing. And since they don't say it, but rather act according to it, I can't speak up against it. Plus, it takes me time to get through to the message of their actions. I'm not angry with them; there is no one I can blame, just patriarchy itself and he won't listen.

I don't (always) get these message (hidden within my surrounding's actions) right away. What I get (most always) is the feeling of a door getting slammed in my face. The same door I've made acquaintance of each time someone let me down for a(nother) person they (might) sleep with; each time a nonsexual relationship was treated as of no real importance; each time I clearly became 'just a friend' or a nobody to someone I liked; each time someone lost interest in me for a 'more interesting' person; each time someone neglected a nonsexual relationship due to 'more important' things; each time a crush and/or friend turned out not to be willing/capable of dealing with issues of radical equality.

It doesn't matter if you don't intend to slam the door; if you promise to open it again soon; if you tell me I'll find a key or if you paint it fancy. I know that door; and it is slammed in my face at latest when competition for male* (sexual) attention comes up.

I want to let you know
Our linked ones
in the struggle against oppressions and hierarchies
have most always been aware
that planning our CVs ahead
is mostly in favour of exactly those:
,Get educated to work properly!
Work hard so you can retire after!
Don't be a burden when you're not working any more!
Think of your life as an individual CV:
an individual list of success, confirmed by your company!
Put your carrier first!'

We* refuse to function like that.
We* live and enjoy our* lives at all times,
we* don't wait for the good life to start
when we*'re worthless to economy.
The paths of our* ways
and our* self-chosen works and contributions
are influenced by our* experience
which can't be prescribed.
The stories of our* lives evolve from our* lives.
We* can't be sure what will be
because we* don't have tomorrow's experience yet.

We* see our* lives connected
to the ones of others
- to ones that live and the ones that have lived,
the ones who will live.
History is not an accumulation of individual CVs
but what we* decide to be part of
and how/where we* use our* power,
the time we were given.

to break these structures apart
- this is the kind of justice
I'd want to see
Justice is not blame nor revenge -
real justice is justice for all.

...

When I die
don't think
'she died too young'
(whatever that will mean)

remind yourself
there was never a promise,
life doesn't follow a script.
My CV was never written
till my 80s, 90s, ... in advance.
A wise friend recently said:
,I planned my life till I was 20.
Every year after that
is just another bonus.'
That's pretty much how it is.

Keep in mind
our generation has seen so many disasters
(death caused by weapons,
malfunctioning technology,
nature, politics/economy,
dysfunctional social systems, ...),
experienced so much unsureness and crises,
knows some things are
lost, destroyed and damaged forever
- it seems very naive
to plan a silent, natural death at old age.

The less you collaborate with patriarchy
the harder it gets for you to survive in it.

And the moment I realised that
I stopped feeling all dead inside,
like a piece of the burden fell apart:

the pressure I feel
is the oppression I resist
the pressure I feel
is the power I have

[090314]

On my way home I saw some writings on the walls:
'visions of a better world' and another:
'STAY ALIVE
TRUE LOVE
LET FLOWERS GROW'.

The less you collaborate with patriarchy
the harder it gets for it to survive.

Thank you.

"Health" and Ableism

Thoughts on Interdependences between Body and Systems of Oppression

I've already mentioned [see No. 1 of this Zine – address at last page] the connections I see between the concept(s) of 'beauty' and power structures like sexism, racism, ageism, classism and others. Except for gender, I haven't gone into detail regarding these interdependences between body and systems of oppression.

Recently, I began to understand some of my own experience and these interdependences through the concept of ableism. I never thought of my own body-related experience of deprivation/discrimination as 'ableist' (although I already had developed most of my understandings of body-related discrimination);

I am not labeled as nor do I identify as 'disabled' – indeed I regard myself luckily healthy: not experiencing serious 'dysfunctions', no chronicle diseases, no allergies, rarely needing to see a doctor, good working immune system, feeling 'well-connected' to my body, its needs and signals.

Yet 'society's' definition of HEALTH apparently shifted from 'not ill' to 'highly functioning, highly efficient, highly exercised'. You no longer need a doctor's diagnosis to be proven *ill* but to be proven *healthy*!

As much as I wish that my heart will beat for some more decades, as much do I oppose to the thought of needing someone else (who doesn't even know me and my life) to tell me how I am, if my body works properly (as if it was just a machine I happen to be attached to!) or in what way I shall lead my life.

Being healthy means being ok with how my body, my person and my life arrange to work out together. Being healthy includes taking care //

Keep in mind:

This is what living means.

And this is not of anyone else's business.

...

If I die

because someone meant to harm me

I beg you not to get lost

in hate, mistrust

remember

I tried to have faith in others

I've met so much kindness,

generosity and solidarity

often unexpected

and for nothing in return

but mutual respect

and the shared will

that this is how life should be

remember

I tried to fight

the systems of oppression,

the instruments that encourage mistrust

and separate us from each other,

the stories that make us strangers,

superiour or inferiour

instead of equals

that support each other

use your grief

to think about

the structures that encourage

or force people to do so

and what can be done

I always felt it important
to believe in the kindness of strangers
to see what happens
when nothing is planned
to explore how things work
how we can live in other ways
I couldn't have stayed at home
or I couldn't have lived

...

If I die because of a heart-attack
please do not think
,She should have taken more care of her health';

Be aware:

My body is a miracle
(like anybody else's)
that, by heartbeats and electronic signals,
by merging organic substances
and getting them arranged in improbable complex systems,
offers me the gift of consciousness
and the possibility of action, interaction
for an undefined or unknown time.
I've never known for how long, but
I've always known
this gift was only given for a certain time.
I am humble and breathless
towards this opportunity -
and it is me who gets to decide
how to use it.
I am the one in charge of my body
and my body is in charge of my life span
because we are one.

of myself (physically, emotionally, concerning my life) the way I
decide to. Being healthy includes judging/deciding what I can and
what I can't do and how to cope with it. Being healthy includes being
ill from time to time and the need to recover, it includes doing things
that can be bad for my body but that I enjoy and put first at times, it
includes being happy with my (current) life or finding ways to
become so (or deciding not to). Being healthy means being ok with
yourself (or deciding not to). And in this sense I am really healthy!
Well, in lots of regards and situations, even in a medical sense I can
be considered really healthy – depending on what is talked about.
But in other regards I am not.

If we understand ableism as this ideology of 'pure healthiness', as a
mind-construct of highly functioning, highly efficient, highly
exercised bodies as the norm – then my privilege of being
able-bodied is put on trial.
And this is the part where the intersections come in.

Ableism regards the 'normal' and valuable body to be strong, to be
hard, muscular, tough,... Sexism regards these characteristics to be
male. So female bodies are constructed (thought of, talked about,
seen) as inferior regarding ability/ableism.
And this 'cultural pictures' are relevant for daily experience – men*
around me have tried to stop me from carrying my own backpack,
from using my own hammer, from setting up my own tent, things I
could obviously do and have been doing up to their appearance, but
the sheer 'cultural picture' of women* being weak(er) made this
obvious fact invalid. I might not be the strongest person on earth. But
if I'm not strong enough for a specific task, it is not because I am
female*. And if I need help, I'll be strong enough to ask for it, don't
you worry. Till then you can lay back and let me care about my shit.

Closely connected to that, ableism regards the 'normal' and valuable
body to be tall. Or, more specifically, to have an average height,

easily readable by the architecture of public chairs, handles, steps, bus seats, bars and so on. Sexism regards small height to be a female characteristic → see above. Adultism – the thought of 'grown-ups' being more intelligent, rational, wise, skilled, smart and altogether BETTER than children and young(er) people – regards small height to be a child's* characteristic. As well the material structures (architecture) as the immaterial structures (how people think of small persons and how they are seen, addressed, valued, treated,...) deprive small persons and make it harder for them than necessary to be equal in society.

I am regarded to be rather small. Deprivation for me means not reaching things in the upper shelves of the supermarket, barely being able to climb a bar chair and needing a stool to reach the pots in my own kitchen. It means being treated as cute or be taken less serious by people who look down on me. I don't feel small. And I don't need to if there are stools next to the shelves and if people give up the thought that they are better or to be taken more serious than people smaller than them – no matter what age.

Ableism regards the 'normal' and valuable body to work perfectly all the time, to 'produce good results', to endure a lot and to rest/recreate few. These are some characteristics that build another connection to ageism, which values young/working adult bodies more than old/non-working bodies. Obviously, this is a crucial basis to the capitalist system as well and therefore connected to classism too. Although there is another bias involved, because 'mental work' is valued more than physical work. Maybe because physical work destroys the body over time more than mental work does? Or because you need to be able to 'afford' not to work physically? This probably interferes with racism, which associates *whiteness* with intellect and promotes white supremacy. Not quite sure here, yet. Well, I am white, maybe that's why I am lacking crucial experience to understand this. I'll keep on trying.

Getting back to the beginning of the paragraph, my body isn't

To Those Who Will Live

Thoughts on Living (Somehow) Radically Facing an Unknown End

When I die
(I don't know when or how
- that's the part of my CV
others will know more about than me)
don't be too upset
it happens to everybody
literally

...
if I die in a bus accident
don't get trapped in regrets of
,if only she stayed at home'
or something like that

try to see
I was probably on my way home
from spending time with someone I loved
full of love and joy and satisfaction
or from some occasion I wanted to attend
that enlightened me with empowerment
and solidarity, inspiration
and strength that I needed

remember
I needed traveling,
getting in touch with places and people
that made me see myself, my home, my life
more clearly
showed me options and ways

but there is no way not to be feminist anymore
and there are still some men* I have faith in

my friend
please remember

my criticism might be hard sometimes
but it means I trust you to deal with it
I might be angry with you
because the world taught you to be like that and you compromised
but I'll always keep my basic respect for who you are
so together we can teach that spoilt world
how we will kick its ass.

[090914]

working as perfectly as ableism asks me to, not in the best possible condition, not in the ultimate shape. And I have experienced lots of really shitty situations, especially with groups, because a common sensitivity for different needs, speeds and standards was lacking. I'm not gonna hike or play soccer with you. Partly because I don't feel I have the physical conditions for participating. But mostly because I don't trust you enough not to be jerks about it. I am ok with what I can and can't do. But I don't know if you are, or more specifically: if you are aware of different levels of ability and how to cope with it; and for me it is easier to assume you are not.

These are just some thoughts, just some assumptions on intersections between ableism and other power structures. I am not regarded to be nor do I identify as disabled and I don't have the experience of those who are and/or do. But I do have experience regarding ableism, body, health and beauty, too.

Ableism doesn't have impacts only on those called disabled. It is basic to and/or linked to most other constructs of oppression. It is part of everyBODYs experience.

And most of all: it is to be challenged!
And thus
I am able to.

(at least
I try)

[120514]

Feminist Love Letters For Anarchist Relationships

Thoughts on Building Equal Relationships Despite Patriarchy and Couple Normativity

... to my male* comrades.

I've written quite some of them by now ...

Have you ever received one? No? You're sure? You might not have recognized them as such. They differ quite much from what is usually expected from a love letter.

... Probably they don't include „you're my one and only“, but rather: „you are one of several persons I really care about“;

... they usually don't say: „forget everyone else, think of no one else but me“, but rather: „it is important for me that you keep stable relationships of any kind to several people, because I can't be your only social, emotional resource – be faithful to others and I believe you can be faithful to me“;

... you won't read „stay with me forever“, but rather: „I will go or let you go so we can lead the lives we decided – and if we will come back to meet, we will both know that we really want to be with each other at that moment“;

... this letter will not ask you: „promise to love me, only me and never leave me“; but rather: „let me know who I am to you and what you see in us; let's be honest to each other, so we can work out how things are gonna be between us and with other people involved“;

... for sure there will be no „we will be one and never alone again“, but rather: „I do have my own life, my own opinion, my own space. I enjoy being with you, but I will not give up myself, I am still an independent person“;

if it's possible
Sometimes I will be sure
you can't
and since I know you have seen the popular, wrong picture
millions of times
I will need to remind you I'm a feminist
so I can hold on to the possibility
that you actually can ...

This world is so spoilt

I desire so much to imagine
how it would be
without this bias n shit n mistrust
just facing each other
as unique persons
that share joy n respect
in equality and excitement

We do not live in that kind of world
but there are few moments
when I can forget about that
just know you're totally here
just hear you say *it's nice to be here with you*
just take a puff of smoke from your hand

and when I know you care about my (second) thoughts

It's not always easy
being a feminist woman*
who gets involved with men*

occasionally I have doubts
if he*'s aware I have a life, opinions
a personality and history
with struggles and strength
with dignity and vulnerability
that I have standards and conditions
that I make choices and that I can fight

but this is so important to me
you know, I am a feminist
proud to be cool and rational, strong and independent, smart and with
her own desires, and in control of the situation ...

you see
we are bound to *masculinist* values
both of us, just from different directions

you to be seen as the picture expected from you
me not to be seen as the picture expected from me

but I'm also proud
to be sensitive and emotional, incomplete and in dependence of each
other, forever learning, being vulnerable and having trust in others

Can you see this in me?
Can you still recognize my feminist independence,
the matter of my opinion and personality
after we had sex?
Can you still trust our shared empathy and passion,
lighthearted joy and pleasure,
basic connection and mutual respect
after you read my critical analyses?
I need you to see both of these sides
And I have so many doubts

... don't expect „*I long for your kisses*“, but rather: „*I like the [non]physical relationship we have*“ or „*I'd like to change our [non]physical relationship [in one or the other way]*“;

... there will be no „*I'd do anything for you*“; but rather: „*you're my comrade, my lover, my friend – our relationship is based on mutual respect for each other, so I'll do my best to respect your boundaries as well as my own; I want us to take care for each other on a consensual basis; also I will do what's in my power to support you and to carry your struggles in my heart, as much as I ask you to do the same for me*“;

... you won't find „*your love is the only thing to me, my life and happiness depends on that*“, but rather: „*I like you; I enjoy to spend time with you, be close to you; you mean something to me or I offer you to be a meaningful person to me – but my life is of worth, no matter if you will accept or reject my offer; also my love will not be given without condition*“.

This might be confusing, so I want to make it very clear: in contrast to a “mainstream love letter”, a writer of a feminist love letter for anarchist relationships (*the letter itself will not be called like that*) will NOT promise you to be a convenient care taker, bed sharer and prestige object – rather she* will demand you to be a trustworthy ally, a supporter of antisexist struggles, the preparedness of reflecting yourself, of being willing to reconsider things, to get educated, to listen, to question your perception and finally to act according to that. Accepting you're not half as feminist as you consider yourself to be might be an appropriate first step.

Really, this is one main point: get educated! Learn how to act less sexist – yes, I said less, yes, I mean you; no, this is not obsolete for you, if you think it is, please go right back to step one: accept you're not half as feminist as you consider yourself to be. ... I did fight with too many men* to make them aware of the sexism they inherit and

the sexist structures they feed; I have put so much heart and soul, energy and time on educating men* ... My love letters of these kind have rarely been written out of pure joy, but most often right in the middle of this struggle and quite close to giving up on it ... I don't want to have to find out if a comrade, lover, friend is willing to accept this demands when it's almost too late; so if you wanna be someone who means something to me, then let me know if you're prepared for this. If not, I'd be glad to know, because it will spare me lots of trouble and false hopes.

When writing these letters, I always feel relieved and heavy-hearted at once: relieved because I feel I did the right thing and stated transparently and honest what I expect; heavy-hearted because I still have to write these letters, to explain all the basic things, to be the one starting this ... and because they are most often not recognised as what they are, but mistaken as complaint or apologies, but not as an honest offer and a sign of my trust and effort.

What I would really want? I would really want you to thank me for these letters, even and especially if they sound like accuses and demands in your ears. I want you to read them twice, at least, before you reply to me and thank me for my time and effort and trust. And that you think about what you're gonna do. And let me know. And keep thinking about it. And read the letter again after a day, after a week, after a month, after a year – and reflect on how your view changes. I will of course not want to check on that, because you're gonna do it for yourself, not for me. I want you to talk about it with other people, with other men* (don't just bother other women* with it, please). I want you to come back to me when you finally understood some of the things I've written. Let me know you care.

In anyway be aware:

I do not live for you. I do not live to please you. I do not live to make you feel convenient. I do not live to educate you. This is my life and my energy and my body and my time. I decided to give some of it to write this letter: to make you aware, to show you what it is I expect

she pleases today or tomorrow and doesn't seem to have a life ... (sorry for repeating this) ...

to me it seems
that I have to scream ONE-NIGHT-STAND
in capital letters
one hundred times
before he* doesn't hear RELATIONSHIP anymore

I sometimes felt
I can't just hang out with him* after
for enjoying nice time together
without giving him the impression
he was the new focus of my life

I feel
I can hardly discuss
about a problem in poly-relationships
without him* hearing: *I want you for myself alone*

often it's hard to imagine
he* does not suspect me
to want more
more than he does
more than a one-night-stand
more than occasional sex
more than friendship on our own terms
more than what I said I wanted

at the same time
it can seem hard to believe
that he* sees more in myself
than a satisfier of his* pleasure

and recognized
about, regarding, into, because of (your)
masculinity
often enough
I am sure

I imagine
it can be tough
to fulfill or resist
this expectations
of coolness, distance, rationality, strength, independence, knowledge,
heterosexual desire, self-control...

and that it might take
some trust,
an intimate relationship,
a private situation
to let go off this pressure
to dare not to enact all that
to experience some other sides

...
me too
I feel a lot of pressure
from all the million copies
of this one picture:
the weak woman
who gets attached
who needs someone
to wrap her thoughts and care and body and life around
or from her negative
the easy girl
who's only there to get laid
who doesn't care who it is

and what you can expect in return; to give you the choice either to
commit to this and know I will be committed, or not to. Either to
accept or to reject my demands and my offer of faithful
companionship and honest friendship (or in other words: anarchist
relationship) that I call love.

*[dedicated to my loved ones who did read these letters, and the ones
who got the verbal versions and the ones who might take my offers –
weirdly enough they mostly start with M. or J. ...]*

... to my female* and trans* friends.

I haven't written enough of them.

Because I can never write enough to thank each one of you for all
you have done and about all you mean to me.

Some of you call yourselves feminists, others don't. Few of you call
yourselves anarchists or anarchafeminists. But this isn't of much
matter, since our relationships have mostly always been of feminist
solidarity and anarchist structures:

... you are the ones who have always believed in me, who have seen
my strength and my value when I couldn't and who reminded me of
who I was when I wasn't sure any more;

... you have always shown basic respect to me, in matters of
communication, agreements, physical contact, general attention,
concerning the way I lead my life;

... you are the ones who have been honest with me, about yourselves,
about me, about us, about over things and people concerning my life
or our relationships;

... you have always respected other relationships, have seen the
importance of several and different relationships;

... we have never promised each other 'forever' and never expected to 'freeze' our relationship as it is; we are always aware that it changes and we say 'yes' to our relationship each time we transform it;

... we have always found a way to maintain our relationships, despite daily life, work and families, different towns or different rhythms of sleep, different interests, subcultures and circles of friends;

... we leave each other space ...

... you are the ones who have always been standing by me; you have always been there when I was in trouble; you have tried to understand my pains, my sorrows, my fights;

... you have always been support and part of my struggles, through listening, sharing experiences, advice, emotional support, taking care of basic things I couldn't manage at times, reading what I write, cheering me up, letting me know my opinion is of matter.

You are the ones who taught me what faithful, honest relationships within a net of equally/individually valuable companions, lovers, friends look like – or, in a feminist and anarchist sense, what I call love.

[Dedicated to R, M, J, D, L, C, M, P, S, E, L, P, A, L, T... just to mention some of them...]

To Most of the Men* I Slept With (Second Thoughts)

Thoughts on Genderbiased Sexual Encounters: Masculinist Values for him* and her*

hello friend

I know there's a lot of pressure
about how
a *man* should be
and I guess people keep telling you
it is *you* who has to enact that

I don't know
how you grew up
if you were told early on
that boys don't cry
or if you were loved being yourself
if you were raised
by a patriarch, a feminist mother
what you did learn from family and friends
if you watched only movies
that showed the bad boys
or if you read about other masculinities

you've been told
and educated
and advised
and referred to
and pressured
and teased

they will not know
you let yourself go
they won't know
about your silent gazes
they can't imagine
you asking for pleasure
they wouldn't expect you
to confess your secret joys
n fears n feelings
in intense hugs
your moans n tears
your whispers n smiles

they will never know
don't you worry
they'll never even guess

cause you act casual
cause you're the cool guy
in public, they can see it
it is obvious

just me
I'm taken by surprise again
by this change of habits ...
oh yeah, I forgot ...

I know it's easier to kiss than talk
and easier to talk than write
about the intimate stuff I mean

but come on
get some backbone

[030914]

***To Most of the Men* I Slept With
Thoughts on Genderbiased Sexual
Encounters: (not) Performing Masculinity***

oh boy

if you only really look at me
when I lie next to you

if it's only when I kiss you
that you pay attention to my lips
(*ever heard the term lip service?*)

if you need to ~~get~~ undressed
to be close to me

if touching your naked skin
is the main possibility to get attention, reaction from you

if you know how to use your mouth
without being able to just say
»I like to be here with you«

if you need to open your pants
to open up emotionally

if your most kind and happy smile
is reserved for my hands below your waistline

if your hands in my pants
are the only way to get in touch

if discovering your personality
is possible only under the covers of my bed

if sharing sensitivity, being vulnerable
is limited to fingertips and gentle bites

if caring about each other
is bound to body care only

if this feeling of equality
just means equal rights to orgasms

... well then
that's not romantic
but disappointing

that's not hot
but sad

that's not mystic
but disillusioning

that's not really sweet
but indeed quite bitter

...
*once I thought
if the sexual component of a relationship is removed
then the relationship itself
will be of little worth and without real depth.
so, how did I come up with THAT crazy idea?!*

...

I don't have troubles
with casual (*occasional*) sex
(*'outside' couple-relationships,*
on a rather friend-alike basis)

I like intense moments
this other kind of
communication, interaction

what I do not like:
this so very casual (*careless*) guys
to be unable to relate to me
in any other, nonsexual way

who think 'casual' means
not to talk honestly,
not to show affection outside bed,
not to lose control, showing vulnerability,
or that anything means anything, in whatever way

who seem so sensitive
and acting as equals in bed
but perform
the hard, easy-going know-it-all
in front of others

no worries
no one will guess you have feelings
that you can be tender, enjoy
or care about someone but yourself
no one will know you're unsure, cautious sometimes

don't you worry